The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1801.

For the Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

—ILDEGERTE—

[*Continued from page* 105.]

SCARCELY had the pleaſing ſenſations cauſed by the letter of Swend (as before ſtated) in the breaſt of Ildegerte, had time to dilate, when the caſtle was alarmed by the cries of the flying and the wounded, who fought, after the death of Swend, in her abode, a ſafe retreat from the fury of the conquerors—among this number was one, who, from the general wreck of the day, had preſerved the helmet and plume of Swend—he had ſworn to Odin not to deliver it into the hands of any knight, who would not ſolemnly pledge himſelf to the Gods to avenge on the head of Canfried, the death of the youthful Swend, and numerous warriors ſlain in battle: In the general confuſion and enquiries of the inmates of the caſtle, concerning their coming to the reſidence of their lady, the heroine encountered the knight who bore from the fight the plume of Swend—he was faint and near expiring—She wiſhed to become the avenger of the man whom ſhe imagined, a little while ago, was to have become her huſband; the expiring warrior, at firſt, heſitated in delivering the ſacred pledge to her; he wiſhed the aid, (as he ſuppoſed) of ſome more powerful arm; ſhe, however, at length prevailed, and the dying chief, as he gave her the plume and helmet, exhorted her to perſevere in the grand cauſe which ſhe had undertaken, and appeaſe, by the death of Canfried, the manes of his beloved monarch; but Ildegerte wanted not a ſpur of this kind to urge her to vengeance—For a ſhort time ſhe betook herſelf to mourning and prayer, at the concluſion of which ſhe ſummoned her maids around her, and declared her intention of collecting together the remains of Swend's army, and with the aſſiſtance of the female warriors who might be diſpoſed to aid the cauſe, make battle againſt the now more than ever deteſted Canfried. She was not deceived in her expectations, for from all parts the Amazons flocked to her ſtandard, and evinced, by their impatience, their love for the favorite of Thora, and their deteſtation of Canfried.

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ANECDOTE.

MALEK, vizier of the calif Moſtadi, having gained a conſiderable victory of the Greeks, took their emperor priſoner. Having cauſed him to be brought before him in his tent, he aſked him what treatment he expected from his conqueror. "If you go to war as a king," replied he, ſend me back to my dominions, if as a merchant, name my ranſom; if as a butcher, cut my throat." He was immediately ſent back without ranſom.

THE VETERAN SOLDIERS.

DURING the American war, eighty old German ſoldiers, who, after having long ſerved under different monarchs of Europe had retired to this country an converted their ſwords into plough-ſhares, voluntarily formed themſelves into a company, and diſtinguiſhed themſelves in various actions, on the ſide of liberty. The captain was nearly one hundred years old, and had been in the army forty years, and preſent in ſeventeen battles. The drummer was ninety-four; and the youngeſt men in the corps on the verge of ſeventy. Inſtead of a cockade, each man wore a piece of black crape, as a mark of ſorrow, for being obliged at ſo advanced a period of life, to bear arms: "But, ſaid the veterans, we ſhould be deficient in gratitude if we did not act in defence of a country, which has afforded us a generous aſylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppreſſion." Such a band of ſoldiers never before, perhaps, appeared in any field of battle.

BEN JOHNSON.

BEN JOHNSON, like moſt celebrated wits, was very unfortunate in conciliating the affections of his brother writers. He certainly poſſeſſed a great ſhare of arrogance, and was deſirous of ruling the realms of Parnaſſus with a deſpotic ſceptre. That he was not always ſucceſsful in his theatrical compoſitions, is evident from his abuſing, in their title page, the actors and the public. In this he has been imitated by Fielding. I have collected the three ſatyric odes, written when the reception of his NEW INN, or THE LIGHT HEART, warmly exaſperated the irritable diſpoſition of our poet.

He printed the title in the following manner:

'New Inn, or the Light Heart, a comedy never acted, but moſt negligently played by ſome, the King's Servants; and more ſqueamiſhly beheld and cenſured by others, the King's ſubjects, 1629. Now at laſt ſet at liberty to the readers, his Majeſty's ſervants and ſubjects, to be judged, 1631.'

At the end of this play he publiſhed the following Ode, in which he threatens to quit the ſtage forever; and turn at once a Horace, an Anacreon, and a Pindar.

'The juſt indignation the author took at the vulgar cenſure of his play, begat this following ode to himſelf.

'Come, leave the loathed ſtage,
And the more loathed age:
Where pride and impudence (in faſhion knit)
Uſurp the chair of wit!
Inditing and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their faſtidious, vaine
Commiſſion of the braine
Run on, and rage, ſweat, cenſure and condemn;
They were not made for thee, leſs thou for them.

'Say that thou pour'ſt them wheat,
And they will acorns eat:
'Twere ſimple fury, ſtill, thyſelf to waſte
On ſuch as have no taſte!
To offer them a ſurfeit of pure bread,
Whoſe appetites are dead!
No, give them graines their fill,
Huſks, draff, to drink and ſwill'
If they love leſs, and leave the luſty wine,
Envy them not their palate with their twine.

'No doubt ſome mouldy tale
Like *Pericles**, and ſtale
As the ſhrieve's cruſts, and naſty as his fiſh-
-Scraps, out of every diſh
Thrown forth, and rak't into the common-tub,
May keep up the play-club:
There ſweepings do as well
As the beſt order'd meale.
For who the reliſh of theſe gueſts will fit,
Needs ſet them but the almes-baſket of wit.

And much good do't you then,
Brave pluſh and velvet men
Can feed on oats, and faſe in your ſtage clothes,
Dare quit, upon their oaths,
The ſtagers, and the ſtage wrights too (your peers)
Of larding your lean ears
With their foul comic ſocks,
Wrought upon twenty blocks:
Which if they're torn, and turn'd, and patcht enough
The gameſters ſhare your guilt, and you their ſtuff.

'Leave things ſo proſtitute,
And take the Alcaick lute,
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire;
And though thy nerves be ſhrunk and blood be cold,
E're years have made thee old,
Strike that diſdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat:
As curious fools, and envious of thy ſtrain,
May, bluſhing, ſwear no paſſy's in thy brain.

'But when they hear thee ſing
The glories of thy ſting,
His zeal to God, and his juſt awe o'er men;
They may blood ſhaken then,
Feel ſuch a fleſh-quake to poſſeſs their powers,
As they ſhall cry like ours.
In ſound of peace or wars,
No harp ere hit the ſtars,
In tuning forth the acts of his ſweet reign,
And raiſing Charles his chariot 'bove his wain.'

This Magiſterial Ode (as Langbaine calls it) was anſwered by a Mr. Feltham, who has written with great acerbity the retort courteous: his character of the poet ſhould be attended to,

'Come leave this fawny way
Of baiting thoſe that pay
Dear for the ſight of your declining wit:
'Tis known it is not fit
That a ſale poet, juſt contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus his own.
I wonder by what dower,
Or patent, you had power
From all to rape a judgement. Let't ſuffice,
Had you been modeſt, y'ad been granted wiſe.

''Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell
As a tranſlator; but when things require
A genius and fire,
Not kindled heretofore by others' pains,
As oft y'ave wanted brains
And art to ſtrike the white,
As you have levell'd right:
Yet if men vouch not things apocryphal,
You bellow, rave and ſpatter round your al.

'Jug, Pe.ce, Peck, Fly†, and all
Your jests so nominal.
Are things so far beneath an able brain,
As they do throw a stain
Thro' all th' unlikely plot, and to displease
As deep as Pericles.
Where yet there is not laid
Before a chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd‡, as might have serv'd of old
For schools, when they of love and valor told.

'Why rage, then? when the shew
Should judgment be, and know ‡
-ledge, there are plush who scorn to drudge
For stages, yet can judge
Not only poets' looser lines, but wits,
And all their perquisites.
A gift as rich as high
Is noble poesie:
Yet though in sport it be for kings a play,
'Tis next mechanics when it works for pay.

'Alcæus lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreon
Ere taught so bold assuming of the bays
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail men into approbation
Is new to your's alone:
And prospers not: For know,
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not love.

'Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous strain,
Where self-conceit, and choler of the blood,
Eclipse what else is good:
Then, if you please those raptures high to touch
Whereof you boast so much;
And but forbear your crown
'Till the world puts it on:
No doubt, from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw.'

To console dejected Ben for this just reprimand, Randolph, the adopted poetical son of Johnson, addressed him with all that warmth of grateful affection which a man of genius should have felt on the occasion.

'Ben; do not leave the stage
'Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
For pride and impudence will grow too bold,
When they shall hear it told
They frighted thee: Stand high as is thy cause§
Their hiss is thy applause:
More thy disdain just were;
Had they approv'd thy vein:
So thou for them, and they for thee were born;
They to incense and thou as much to scorn.

'Will't thou engross thy store
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Because their bacon-brains have such a taste,
As more delight in mast:
No! set them forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best muse can cull
Whilst they the while do pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.
What greater plague can hell itself devise,
Than to be willing thus to tantalize?

'Thou canst not find them stuff,
That will be bad enough
To please their palates: let 'em them refuse,
For some pye-corner muse;
She is too fair an hostess, 'twere a sin
For them to like thine Inn:
'Twas made to entertain
Guests of a nobler strain;
Yet if they will have any of thy store,
Give them some scraps, and send them from thy door.

'Why shou'd the scene be mute
'Cause thou canst touch thy lute,
And string thy Horace. Let each muse of nine
Claim thee, and th'art mine.
'Twere fond, to let all other flam expire,
To sit by Pindar's fire:
For by such strange neglect
I should myself suspect
Thy pallie¶ were as well thy brain's disease,
If they coud shake thy muse which way they please.

'And tho' thou well canst sing
The glories of thy king,
And on the wings of verse his chariot bear
To heaven, and fix it there;
Yet let thy muse as well some raptuues raise,
To please him, as to praise.
I would not have thee chuse
Only a treble muse;
But have this envious ignorant age to know,
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as lowre.

* This play, Langbaine says, is written by Shakespea.
† The names of several of Johnson's Dramatis Personæ.
‡ New Inn, Act III. Scene 2.—Act IV. Scene 4.
§ This break was purposely designed by the poet, to expose that awkward one in Ben's third stanza.
‖ His man, Richard Broome, wrote with success several comedies. He had been the amanuensis or attendant of Johnson. The epigram made against Ben for the assistance W. Broome gave him, appears to have been borrowed from this pun. Johnson has inserted it in Broome's Life.
¶ He had the palsy at that time.

PERSONAL BEAUTY PRODUCED BY MORAL SENTIMENT.

IN the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external cauſes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common eſtimation theſe are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without ſomething more.

The fineſt features ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain or malevolence, will be reflected as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency; ſo the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly, determined to a particular object; but this could never happen if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or diſpoſition of the features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any part, but diffuſed over the whole: he calls it a ſweetneſs, a ſoftneſs, a placid ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation, which connects beauty with ſentiment, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps, poſſible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the ſilent compliment of patient ſufferance, the tender ſolicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almoſt irreſiſtible.

This is the charm that captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmoſt beauty is ineffectual. But it cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal inſenſibility or malevolence: it muſt be the genuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenance a new and more diſguſting deformity, affectation: the ſmiles and the languiſhments of art will vaniſh, and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

Beauty depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance; becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed, being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax; ſo that the expreſſion remains when the paſſion is ſuſpended; thus, an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtle, and a ſuſpicious temper is diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſober paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act; the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aſpect, and gives a turn and a caſt to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible immpreſſion upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment, equally endanger the poſſeſſor: it is, to uſe an eaſtern metaphor, like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence. If it excites deſire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation.

Let it then be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the graces, but in the ſchool of Virtue; and that thoſe who wiſh to be lovely, muſt learn early to be good.

LORENZO AND VIOLETTA,

A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

FAMILY diviſions frequently ſpring from very immaterial accidents, which gather ſtrength by repetition, till they are augmented in ſo formidable a manner, as to ſweep before them all the domeſtic virtue, and aboliſh all the amiable tenderneſs, for which woman was intended by the Divine Creator. I have been a frequent ſpectator of ſuch ſcenes of infelicity. Where I was in moſt expectation of finding the celeſtial ſeeds of connubial happineſs flouriſhing in exquiſite beauty, there have I been the moſt diſappointed. Inſtead of beholding a paradiſe, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occaſions me to publiſh the following obſervations. For theſe may be of utility to ſociety: as, by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

Lorenzo and *Violetta* have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in reſpect of fortune and age; the one being ſufficiently affluent for the purchaſe, and the other for the enjoyment, of the nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondneſs, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, inſtead of increaſing, diminiſhed their mutual regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew the leſs attractive to his heart; and his converſation grew leſs engaging, the more ſhe partook of the natural levity of her ſex. He renewed his Bacchanalian acquaintance: ſhe found more pleaſure in diſcharging her viſits, than her domeſtic offices. In ſhort, both became unintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular; their converſation little; till at laſt, their affections ſeemed dwindled away to nothing but a ceremonial complaiſance.

Nature was ſoon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually burſting the formality of reſerve; trivial accidents gave alternate uneaſineſs to one or the other; which were productive of ſuch diſputes as often terminated in a ſhyneſs for two, and ſometimes for three, days together Though they were both ſo far eſtranged from the lambent flame of love, their diſagreement very frequently exhibited a conviction of their honeſty, by a recollection which juſt ſerved to blow up the dormant embers of affection; but ſtill they were continually manifeſting the difference of their tempers. They were both haſtily paſſionate; he was ſometimes ſurlily ill natured, while ſhe was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both ſenſible of their folly, yet they ſtill perſiſted in their obſtinacy: if he ſpoke warm, ſhe reddened with the glow of anger; if he was deſirous of tranquility, ſhe grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree, and the oſtentation of fortune, were often handled backwards and forwards; this uſhered to indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a miſguided paſſion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their quarrels: he frequently ſwore, ſhe raiſed; and blows enſued. She felt the effects of his violence, he bore the marks of her fury. When their paſſions abated, ſhe ſat penſively venting the guſhing ſorrows from her eyes, he grew mollified; and, after innumerable careſſes, re-compoſed her agitated ſpirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderneſs: they gently upbraided themſelves, confeſſed their folly, reſolved to oppoſe the excurſions of paſſion, and for ſome time lived with all the appearance of durable felicity. But when paſſion has once got the head, reaſon vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though *Lorenzo* and *Violetta*, on the repetition of every quarrel, became ſenſible of their ſmothered affection, yet they never endeavoured to light up the extinguiſhed lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate ſallies; and were at laſt ſo habituated to ſuch an ignominious cuſtom, as to give an unbounded looſe to their paſſion before company, till they are now become the deriſion of all their acquaintance.

As I have regard for *Lorenzo*, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him on his indiſcretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, profeſſed the ſtrongeſt affection for his wife, and ſolemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed. *Violetta* is alſo ſenſible of her erroneous behavior, eſteems her huſband, and wears the throne of chaſtity on her brow. They are equally conſcious of their faults, are equally ſorry for them, and ſeem equally deſirous of correcting them: but they are ſo abſolutely devoted to the ſtorms of paſſion, as to be equally incapable of executing thoſe ſalutary reſolutions, which they are thoroughly ſenſible can alone give pleaſure, to the bridal-bed, happineſs to the prime of life, and comfort to the declenſion of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two perſons, once united by the ſilken band of love, ſhould diſown its empire, for the gratification of ſome ridiculous humor, is moſt aſtoniſhing! that two perſons, who could ſo eaſily enjoy the beatitudes of life, ſhould ſo voluntarily baniſh themſelves from the flowery road of happineſs, is amazing, But their conduct ſerves only to evince this golden maxim! That reaſon is the beſt gift of Nature; for, without her ſacred influence, monarchs in their places are leſs happy than peaſants in their cottages.

THE SLAVE.

THE ſun, declining paſs'd the weſtern hills,
And gentle breezes curl'd the winding rills,
The moon in ſilent majeſty aroſe,
And weary negroes ſought for calm repoſe.
Scorch'd by the burning ſun's meridian ray,
All wiſh'd refreſhment from the blaze of day—
But one unhappy ſlave oppreſs'd with care,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, and mad with fell deſpair,
Forſook the grove. On Afric's burning ſhore
He'd left his friends, his abſence to deplore;
His wife, his children, in their native land,
(Subjected to a tyrant's curs'd command)
In poverty and wretchedneſs retire;
Nor know the friend, the huſband, or the ſire.
Such ſad reflection never left his breaſt,
His eyes forgot the balmy ſweets of reſt;
His tongue forgot to ſing the ſongs of joy,
No more did mirth or love his hours employ;
Far from his country, from his native race,
Far from his little children's much lov'd face,
And doom'd to bear forever ſlav'ry's chain,
To grieve, to ſigh, alas! to live in vain.

O, chriſtian! fiends to our unhappy race,
Why do we wear thoſe enſigns of diſgrace?
Did nature's God create us to be ſlaves,
Or is it pride, which God's decree outbraves?

Had he design'd that we should not be free,
Why do we know the sweets of liberty ?

He could no more ; but mounting on a rock,
Whose shaggy sides o'erhung the silver brook—
Thence tumbling headlong down the steepest side,
He plung'd, determin'd, in the foaming tide.
His mangled carcase floated on the flood,
And stain'd the silver winding stream with blood.

SONNET TO AN INFANT.

[From Low's POEMS, lately published.]

MY little cherub, lovely blooming boy !
Whose sweet endearments can my heart beguile ;
Whose antic sports, and accents infantile,
From musings sad can 'wake my soul to joy.
O'er thy lov'd features plays the dimpling smile,
And health now mantles in thy downy cheek ;
But thou art yet a babe ; and very weak
Are all thy faculties ; dear, fragile germe
Of future man, that heav'n-aspring worm !
If sickness menace thee, or aught molest,
Then all the father thrills in every nerve ;
Ten speechless feelings agitate the breast
Which would its charmer cherish and preserve,
And there thy fondness clings, and there thou art caress'd.

TO MISS E——B——

BRIGHT as the radiant beams of morn
She passes o'er the plain,
Transcendant smiles her face adorn,
The theme of ev'ry swain.

No artifice to that lov'd face
More beauty could impart,
Endow'd with ev'ry heav'nly grace
To captivate the heart.

Let not the breast in sorrow pine,
That mourns for thee alone ;
Oh ! shed one cheering smile divine
And mark me for thine own.

What though, of riches not possess'd,
No fin'ries I reveal,
A purer flame enchants my breast
Than sons of wealth can feel.

Then come and bless thy ******'s life
Come to my lowly cell,
There free from ev'ry worldly strife,
In calm content to dwell.

My little flocks that strew the ground,
Will own thee for their guard,
And smiling pastures waving round,
With plenteous crops reward.

Then come and grace my humble cot,
And pass the hours in love ;
Tho' shew of grandeur crown us not,
The bliss of life we'll prove.

COMMUNICATED.

YE fair, possest of every charm
To captivate the will,
Whose smiles itself can rage disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill.

Say, will ye deign the verse to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part !
An honest verse that flows sincere,
And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r, but greater yet
Mankind it must engage—
If, as you all can make a knot,
Ye all could make a cage.

Each Nymph a thousand hearts may take,
For who's to beauty blind ?
But to what end a pris'ner make,
Unless you've strength to bind.

Attend the counsel often told,
Too often told in vain :
Learn that best art, the art to hold—
And back the lover's pain.

Gamesters to little purpose win,
Who lose again as fast :

Though beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis ſweetneſs makes it laſt.

MAGNANIMITY.

FROM A LATE PARIS PAPER.

THE reſpectable Malaret was in his priſon repoſing himſelf upon his bed of grief, when he heard a terrible cry from an adjoining chamber; he aroſe, and walked as faſt as his great age would permit to the chamber of the unhappy priſoner from whence it proceeded—and whom did he there ſee but Lebois,* who had been brought to priſon that morning, and to whom they had forgotten to bring the ordinary ration of proviſions—Hunger tormented horriole, and drew from him piercing cries as excited the attention and pity of Malaret. It was in vain that he repreſented to him at this late hour (ten o'clock night) they would bring him nothing to eat: Lebois looked at him with eyes wild as fire, and then began to howl like a wild beaſt—Come with me, ſaid the old man, I can give you ſomething to comfort you; he took him by his arm and led him to his chamber, where he opened a ſmall cloſet and ſaid to him, there is what is left of my dinner, one half of a chicken, a piece of bread, and half a bottle of good old wine; eat, drink, and leave the reſt to Providence. Lebois devoured all in the twinkling of an eye, and was going to thank his benefactor, when he addreſſed him in a ſolemn tone: Do you know, citizen Lebois, in what chamber you are? No, anſwered he, coolly. You are in the chamber of that unhappy king you ſo cruelly ———. There is the place where hung the crucifix, that was his only conſolation in his long ſufferings. There is the door where he uſed to go and ſee his wife and children; and there is the door through which he was conducted to the ſcaffold! Well! what is all that to me, anſwered Lebois. And do you know to whom you are ſpeaking? I ſpeak to a brave man who has juſt given me ſomething to eat, that has ſaved me from ſtarving—but I know no more. You are ſpeaking to Malaret, archdeacon of Paris—one of thoſe men you have never ceaſed to perſecute as ſo many tigers, traitors, and conſpirators. You ſpeak to a man whom you—you perſonally have twice tried to aſſaſſinate, and this ſame man eſteems himſelf happy to have rendered you a ſmall ſervice at the expence of loſing his dinner to-morrow.

* This Lebois was one of the blood-thirſty monſters of Robeſpierre's reign.

Baltimore.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the newſpaper printed in this city, called 'The American,' like a Fiſh-Woman?

Becauſe it is very abuſive!

Note to little Martin!

You ſay that I aſſerted you were once my friend I ſaid you once avowed yourſelf ſo—but I am now well convinced that you will avow almoſt any thing.

You alſo ſay that I uſe every means to induce you to take notice of 'The Baltimore Weekly Magazine'—Pray did you not 'quiz' me (as you term it) firſt, when you eulogized the talents of Mr. Prentiſs, as editor of *The Child of Pallas*, and author of the tale of that poor ſoul "Jenny Knight,"—Indeed I wiſh no notice from you my little cok-a-doodle doo boy—ſo inſtead of "boring" me ſuppoſe you quiz the natives *Alick*.

A FOREIGNER went the other day to a certain tailor, and aſked him how much cloth was neceſſary for a ſuit of clothes. He replied, twelve yards. Aſtoniſhed at the quantity, he went to another, who ſaid ſeven would be quite ſufficient. Not thinking of the exhorbitancy of this demand, all his rage was againſt the firſt tailor; ſo to him he went. "How dare, you, ſir, aſk twelve yards of cloth," ſaid he, "to make me what your neighbor ſays he can do for ſeven?", "Lord, ſir!" replied the man, "my neighbo can eaſily do it, he has but three children to clothe, I have ſix."

A VERSION

Of part of OSSIAN's *Lamentation on the Death of* CALMAR.

THE ſolitary thoughts are ſad
That croud on Oſſian's tortur'd brain,
While mem'ry comes in horrors clad
To tell "Ardelia's chief is ſlain."

Calmar! my ſon, my much lov'd ſon,
Thy fleeting breath hath fled away;
Not all the deeds which thou haſt done,
Death's unrelenting arm could ſtay.

Thou wert a ſun beam to thy friends,
A flaſh of lightning to thy foes;
In war a hurricane, which rends
The lofty foreſts tow'ring rows.

Prop of thy ſire's declining years,
My aged boſom knew no woes,
Whilſt Calmar liv'd to ſooth the fears
That in a parent's fancy roſe.

But Oſſian now is left to mourn
His only ſon's untimely fate:
To ſigh for joys which ne'er return,
And patiently for death to wait.

The field their foliage will renew,
And ſpring freſh charms to nature give;
The ſun will ſmile thro' drops of dew,
But no green branch of mine ſhall thrive.

When blood and carnage ſtrew'd the plain,
My ſon triumphant led the way:
No thought of danger, fear or pain
Could his victorious ardour ſtay.

Succeſs inſpir'd thy youthful breaſt,
He fought to gain immortal fame:
And while the foe his power confeſt,
Their ranks recoil'd at Calmar's name.

But ah! my hopes were ſpent in vain,
An arrow from Fuardo's bow
Bid him his native ſkies regain,
It laid the chief of heroes low.

ALEXIS.

FROM A YOUNG LADY,

TO HER FRIEND.

MY dear Clarinda would'ſt thou know,
Whence Hymen's ſacred bleſſings flow:
Attend my lay and thou ſhalt ſee,
The man that's made for love and me.

Nor wealth, nor perſon can impart
Thoſe bleſſings to the tender heart;
His mind the flowing ſpring muſt be,
That ſheds the ſtreams of bliſs for me,

Whoſe ſoul's with ſtedfaſt virtue fraught,
Inſpir'd with ev'ry noble thought,
Conſtant, generous, courteous, free,
Be him whom fate deſigns for me;

Let pure good nature in his breaſt
With kind compliance mildly reſt;
His ſprightly genius ever be
Producing joys for love and me:

Let him his paſſions ever ſway,
Nor led by them from wiſdom's way,
His mind ſerenely calm and free,
Shall ſweetly reſt with love and me.

Teeming with ſentiments refin'd,
Let godlike ſcience teach his mind
From objects low and mean to flee,
And toy with only love and me.

Thus let his ſolid reaſon ſhine
Enlighten'd with a ray divine;
His ſoul O! ever let it be
Enwrapt in virtue, love, and me;

A breaſt with ſacred truth inſpir'd,
A ſoul with love of knowledge fir'd;
From prejudice and ign'rance free,
Alone is made for love and me.

A FRAGMENT.

STILL in the paths of virtue ſteer,
And not from paſt or preſent ills deſpair;
For bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late a ſure reward ſucceeds.

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